





tax and six the negro, all joined, not technicians in all his sovereignty but constitutional assured his State shall make account of race. This nation owns one his land, does which will pay it. It instincts are brought by a hundred and two launched a little to reach Capital ing over the bottom" "Let you know a bottom" never might the bottom."

Those nine me like to work in go back to the They replied seen liberty They knew where division of rank wholly between gro that own an ask, ranged of power except tion Act is Launch as a situation. Give right, and give you go to will grow out of proclamation give root no branch, If that is the lo That proclama gro; its disgra ce cripples our re eign intervention Slavery and L anti-slavery. Ring half slave onist, and does half white. He just to the black of three thousand of the Union is me the negro or left to the free nation in tu cion does not There is at Po plantations for chinery upon the old, young, mar ter did not want has superseded \$140,000 worth the South, and y

The President shance or defeat allowed men privileges—offe means, practical and jury rights fully considered into the Union, in defiance of then the State is done but with the State differs no under our milita is a sham, and If the tegu thos follows to share the will, p We cannot con representatives and gress. Indeed, give the negro to trol, and to furn representatives ed, would be a m fend ourselves,

I know I critic all his laurels; a terrible trial. one. I have no know no tri tricks. I want and save it from us. Next year, ing. In that ter knows the road one word here, has one rival in highest, and ho Mr. Chase has go to the country, where he is—(w will fill the bank w is see fall that bottom cap bank tested. But if I tested, I want to great occasions, tested and prove, use some reason It will prove bet Chase held the a democrat, with the power that the Union. In noblest woman, judged by her and rude toll, she the slave-hunters hark back to sublimity of a ment that Ohio would have lea floor that sublin as by an Ohio w her rights," said the sheri port, every soldi for the United Garner" —not dred and twenty responsibility —not take, the S back to bondage an abolitionist in goes up to Colu themselfe mande the nation in its strugg when four the indignant Stor, for that is li Mr. Secretary saved him. If nighs, give yo no human liv rest until I see has brought to ordal, sense and will rest until it—in other w guns. (Great gro, or hold th to his children, give rest to the



THE RADICAL CURE

Oct. 20-17.

**IMPROVEMENT IN  
Champooing and Hair Dyeing,  
"WITHOUT SMUTTING."**

**MADAME CARTEAUX BANNISTER**

**W**OULD inform the public that she has removed from  
223 Washington Street, to  
**No. 31 WINTER STREET,**  
where she will attend to all diseases of the Hair.  
She is sure to cure in nine cases out of ten, as she has  
for many years made the hair her study. And is sure there  
are none to equal her in producing a new growth of hair.  
Her Restorative differs from that of any one else, being  
made of the roots and herbs of the forest.  
She Champoos with a bark which does not grow in this  
country, and which is highly beneficial to the hair before  
using Her Restorative, and will prevent the hair from  
turning grey.  
She also has another for restoring grey hair to its natu-  
ral color in nearly all cases. She is not afraid to speak  
her Restorative is in any part of the world, as they are used  
in every city in the country. They are also packed for her  
customers to take to Europe with them, enough to last six  
or three years, as they often say they can get nothing  
abroad like them.

**MADAME CARTEAUX BANNISTER.**  
**No. 31 Winter Street, Boston.**



## Poetry.

## A PLEA:

WRITTEN FOR THE FAIR BY MRS. C. A. MASON OF FITCHBURG, AND SENT TO THE REV. WILLIAM F. TILDEN, AS A CONTRIBUTION TO THE SANITARY FAIR. It has been beautifully printed in quarto form on tinted paper, in large, clear type, and is worthy of preservation as a souvenir of the Fair.—Boston Transcript.

Held in Boston, Dec. 14, 1863.

[The following fine poem was written by Mrs. C. A. Mason of Fitchburg, and sent to the Rev. William F. Tilden, as a contribution to the Sanitary Fair. It has been beautifully printed in quarto form on tinted paper, in large, clear type, and is worthy of preservation as a souvenir of the Fair].—Boston Transcript.

"Come to the rescue!" The cry went forth  
Through the length and breadth of the loyal North;  
For the gun that startled Starn heard,  
Wakened the land with its fiery word!  
The farmer passed with his work half done,  
And the swart mechanic wiped his brow,  
Shouting, "There's work for my strong arm now!"  
And the parson doffed his gown and said,  
"Bring me my right-god sword instead!"  
And buckled his belt on with the rest;  
As unto a royal Tournament;  
For the loyal blood of a nation stirred  
To the gun that startled Starn heard!

"Come to the rescue!" Again that cry,  
Burdens the breeze as it passes by;  
"Come to the rescue!" Our brave men fall,  
Wounded and slain by the foe's hand!  
Lying in hospital sick and faint,  
Who shall answer their low complaint?  
Dying in strange and desolate places,  
Pining for home and home's sweet faces,  
Faint for a drink from the dear old well,  
Longing to taste of the fruit that fell  
All the autumn, so ripe and sweet,  
Over the orchard-wall into the street,  
Murmuring, "Oh, that one would come  
With even the scanty crumbs of home,  
The crumbs from my father's board that fell,  
To cheer, and hearten, and make me well!"

Who shall answer this mournful cry?  
Who shall answer this? You and I!  
Ours are the hands that to them shall bring  
The healing draught from the dear old spring,  
And the golden fruit that all the Fall  
Ripened and swung on the garden wall;  
We on their gaping wounds will pour  
Our oil, and our wine shall cheer them more  
Than ever a vintage gleamed before.

Come, then, come to the Soldiers' Fair!  
Here is work for us all to share.  
Little children and stern-browed men,  
Veterans of three-score years and ten,  
Gentle women and maiden gay,  
Gathered from peaceful homes away,  
Lend us your pitying aid to-day,  
Help us to answer with open hand  
The cry deep-sounding through the land:  
Remembering how the dear Lord spoke,  
Who came to furnish tabernacles broke  
The scanty leaves till all were fed—  
"Who helps my suffering ones," he said,  
"I will be to him a Father and a God."  
Rich and large shall your garden be;  
On, friends, ye have done it unto Me!

## THE PLANTING OF THE APPLE-TREE.

BY M. W. LONGFELLOW.

Come, let us plant the apple-tree!  
Cleave the tough greenwood with the spade;  
Wide let its hollow bed be made;  
There gently lay the roots, and there  
Sink the dark mould with kindly care,  
And press it o'er them tenderly,  
As round the sleeping infant's feet,  
We softly fold the cradle-sheet—  
So plant we the apple-tree.

What plant we in the apple-tree?  
Buds, which the breath of summer days  
Shall lengthen into leafy sprays;  
Boughs, where the thrush with crimson breast  
Shall haunt, and sing, and hide her nest.  
We plant upon the sunny lea  
A shadow for the noontide hour,  
A shelter from the summer shower,  
When we plant the apple-tree.

What plant we in the apple-tree?  
Fruits that shall swell in sunny June,  
And redden in the August sun,  
And drop, as gentle winds come by,  
That for the blue September sky:  
While children, wild with play-glee,  
Shall seek their fragrance as they pass,  
And search for them the tufted grass  
At the foot of the apple-tree.

What plant we in the apple-tree?  
The winter stars are quivering bright,  
And winds go howling through the night,  
Girls, whose young eyes overflow with mirth,  
Shall peel its fruit by cottage hearth,  
And guests in prouder homes shall gaze,  
Heaped with the orange and the grape,  
As fair as they in tint and shape,  
The fruit of the apple-tree.

The fruitage of the apple-tree  
Winds and our flag of stripes and stars  
Shall bear to coast the sea afar,  
Where men shall wonder at the view,  
And ask in what fair groves they grew;  
And they who roam beyond the sea  
Shall look, in child of childhood's day,  
And long hours passed in summer play,  
In the shade of the apple-tree.

Each year shall give this apple-tree  
A broader flush of rosy bloom,  
A deeper mass of verdurous gloom,  
And looser, when the frost-clouds lower,  
The crisp brown leaves in thicker show;  
The years shall come and pass, but we  
Shall hear no longer, where we lie,  
The summer's songs, the autumn's sigh,  
In the boughs of the apple-tree.

And time shall waste this apple-tree,  
Oh, when its aged branches throw  
Their shadows on the ward below,  
Shall fraud and force and iron will  
Oppress the weak and helpless still?  
What shall the tasks of mercy be,  
Amid the toils, the strifes, the tears  
Of those who live when length of years  
Is wasting this apple-tree?

"Who planted this old apple-tree?"  
The children of that distant day  
Thus to some aged man shall say;  
And, gazing on its mossy stem,  
The gray-haired man shall answer them:  
"A poet of the land was he,  
Born in the rude, but good old times;  
'Tis said he made some quaint old rhyme,  
On planting the apple-tree."

RISEN!  
O spirit, freed from earth,  
Rejoice! thy work is done!  
The weary world's beneath thy feet,  
Thou brighter than the sun.  
Awake! thou art not now  
With those of mortal birth;  
The living God hath touched thy lips,  
Thou who hast done with earth!

## The Liberator.

## PLANTATION PICTURES.

BY MRS. EMILY C. FRANKSON,  
Author of "Cousin Frank's Household."

## CHAPTER XIII.

## A NIGHT OF TERROR.

Dilly busied herself playing "bo-peep" with her baby for the first hour after Henna left, to keep her tears from flowing too freely. Brave little heart! she oft smiled through them, and brushed them away.

It is true, Bruno was there, but being in affliction because he was left behind, he was poor company. He sat in the corner by the fire-place, with drooping ears of sorrow, and occasionally as he ruminated on the subject, a slight frown of indignation seemed to rest on his countenance.

"Why, dovey, darlin', you are asleep," softly said Henna, as with a gently swaying motion she put her baby on the bed. She always called her Dovey, and she came to look around for other amusement. There were the flowers of yesterday to be arranged in bouquets and wreaths—they were still bright and fresh. Besides, Dilly was ambitious to finish a bright-hued mat before Henna returned; so she budged about the house, keeping to get time. There was the dusting to be done, yet the fire was to be kept up, and the dinner prepared; altogether, business sufficient to divert the child home-ward.

She took especial pains with the arranging of her dinner on the table—Henna, always thoughtful, having cooked it for her previously.

"I'm gwine to play company to dinner, Bruno, and you are the invited guest. I'm gwine to treat you like folks, and see if I can't coax a smile; and if you don't pick up your ears, and put by that naughty frown, I shan't let you go to walk with me, or if I do, you won't catch me loading your neck with flowers—no indeed!"

"There, Bruno, dinner's all ready; an' now come, let's set down. Here's a chair for you. Won't come? gwine to sit there in the corner? Well, then, here's a plate of chicken—the lion's share; can't you smile for that, Bruno? sitting there in the corner gave as a judge! There, you do really smile, your eye is bright and full, and you're wagging your tail. Thought you'd come to."

"In't that good, Bruno?" said she, as he gulped canine fashion. "I know 'tis. You're eating as if you enjoyed it. I thought you'd brighten up. Bruno, you know you're all the company I've got when Dove is asleep, and I want you to be as agreeable as you can." But Bruno swallowed down the chicken, and looked up for more.

"I'm glad you've got a good appetite. Here, Bruno, here's a nice slice of bread and butter, and here's a piece of cake."

"What I'm gwine to do to-night, Bruno, I can't tell, but you'll be the brave watch and look out, won't you? And you won't let any wicked robbers come an' tote Dove an' me off, will you? You shall have all the bloody money you want for tea, to make you strong, 'cause Dove and I want to sleep sound, and you must take good care of us." Then, as she finished her dinner, she brought the dog part of her mince pie, saying, "Did'n't I tell you I'd treat you like folks, if you was good?"

Dove awoke just the right time, when the child-mother had cleared away, and what with prattling to it, and Bruno, the afternoon passed, and night came. Night the little Dilly dreamed like any other timorous child. At bed-time she had family prayers—good-night Christian; then going to bed with Dove in her arms, sweetly slept till morning. Dilly opened her eyes, and found Dove gazing in her face with quiet baby wonder.

"Ah, darling Dove, God's kept us, and we are safe! and your little bright eyes are peeping for mine to open. You precious Dove! Here's fifty kisses: Dovey, I'm gwine to tend you while an' then I must get up an' get my breakfast—and she went on cooing, prattling, and chirping to the babe at her breast, little bird-mother that she was."

Dilly had n't the heart to keep Bruno shut up; so after breakfast she opened the door, saying, "Come, Bruno, you may sun yourself on the door-step."

Henna-keeping and doll-tending kept her busy this day also, as she occasionally ran out to chat with Bruno, and stroked his lion-like head. "Lonely, is Bruno? Well, never mind, you shall go with marm Henna, next time. I'm not afeared, I slept beautifully last night, and I'm gwine to to-night!" and in she ran to braid on her mat, and see if Dove still slept.

Dilly, sympathetic Dilly, would n't hurt the feelings of a dog, especially one she loved as she did Bruno. And the more she thought of it, the more she became persuaded that it would be a good plan to send him to Henna; at least, she thought it would be for his happiness. "Poor fellow! he has n't been himself since she went away! He's grieving, I make sure. I have n't the heart to keep him. I'll give him a good hearty dinner, and fit him off."

"Bruno!" called out Dilly, as he finished his meal of fresh meat and bread and butter, "good fellow! good fellow! Bruno, go to Henna—go to Henna. Watch Henna!" The dog's whole expression changed, and with full eye looking up in her face, as if he said—

"Yes, Bruno, go to Henna! Watch Henna!" still more earnestly said Dilly. And the dog, licking her hand and giving her a look almost human in its intelligence, started slowly off. Dilly went into the house, and watched him from the window. Scarcely was he lost to view when she began to regret that she had sent him; for after the excitement of getting him off, a sense of her loneliness came over her. And by the middle of the afternoon she had fastened the doors, and drawing her little rocking chair near the fire, tried to go on with her mat. She could not budge, however, she was too restless. Then Dove awoke, and absolutely cried, for a wonder. Dilly was afraid to have her cry, almost, and bore her in her arms, and whispered, "hush-a-by baby—hush-a-by baby," too timid to sing.

This was baby-tending in earnest, and how poor little Dilly wished Henna was there! A long time passed before she had stilled dove by heating her feet and nursing her, when there was a knock at the door. Dilly kept still, and then another knock. "It's on'y Job! he'd be afeared of me! I reckoned you'd be lonely like," added he, as Dilly let him in, "an' Henna told me to keep a look-out for you. I'll bring you a pail of water from the spring, an' split up some kindlin' wood."

I have never seen it accounted for, why certain old ladies of both sexes are fascinated with telling frightful stories to young folks just when they ought not to, just when they will affect them most disastrously. But it is.

Dilly was glad to see anybody she could call a friend, while Job was as glad of an opportunity to sit with the comfortable fire, and chat. He was quite a talker, and being now nearly superannuated, was disposed to welcome an interval of rest all the more. His darkened mind was filled with wild superstitions which he strangely loved to repeat.

"What's Bruno?" asked Job, looking about—

"thought he was ter hum!"

"O, Bruno! he's gone to find Henna," said Dilly.

"Pears like de dog's been lone some widout him. But I neber like de dog, since my little Susy died, good many years ago."

"Don't like dogs! Why not?" said Dilly, opening her eyes with wonder.

"Why, dew howl, howl, so, when anybody's gwine to die. I knowed something's gwine ter happen when one night jist 'fore I got inter bed, massa William's dog came, an' sat right under de window, an' howl, howl, howl, an' a little Susy she fell sick an' died, an' I knew 't would be so when dat us dog howl!"

"Oh!" said the susceptible Dilly, "Bruno howled more the back door of the house, and in a moment more the back door was tried. She had been un-der-ly by the mysterious, but now she was roused by known peril; and breathing a prayer for calmness and strength, she said—

"Who's there?"

There was no answer, but the door was shaken violently.

"Who's there, I say?"

"Open the door, and we won't kill yer," said a gruff voice with fearful oaths, "but if you don't open it onct, we'll cut yer throat for yer!"

The voice seemed to take her very life from her; but as the door rattled, the emergency revived her courage again, and she replied, in firm tones—

"May be you won't find it so easy killing us all!"

stepping as she spoke into Henna's boots, and tramping round with a masculine step. It was a child's stratagem, but it gained her time, for again there was a consultation outside, followed by an interval of silence, then by a mocking laugh, showing that her de-vice was discovered; and some one flung himself so heavily against the door as to start it from its hinges.

The sound woke Dove, and its cry woke the mother's instinct in Dilly's heart, and forgetting all fear, she climbed into a chair, took down Henna's rifle, ready loaded and capped, and resting it across the top of a chair, as the assailant rushed against the door a second time, she fired. An awful stillness ensued, broken even by Dove, for half-stunned by the report, the babe lay perfectly quiet. Then there was a groan, and the confused shuffling of feet, growing fainter and fainter in the distance, as if something living was being borne away. Dilly burst into tears of joy at her deliverance, and soon partially recovering from the excitement, crept weak and trembling into bed beside her babe, and, strange to say, ere long fell asleep. Morning was just breaking when she started up as if a thunder-clap had awakened her—the assassins were again at the door, and would now enter.

Taking Dove in her arms, she raised the trap-door carefully so as not to disturb the mat that concealed it, and descended to the cellar. The heavy tramping overhead, and the fierce oaths as the house-breakers searched for her in the bed and under it, up the wide chimney, behind the wooden settle, peering into every nook and corner, tarrying only to plunder whatever of value came in their way, was painfully distinct. Would her hiding-place be found? She dared not think of what awaited her in such an event, but she chattered clapped her babe to her breast, as she crouched in the corner. The search was unsuccessful, for none seemed to suspect the innocent looking mat that they trod upon, until at length a heavy foot stumbled against it, and the trap-door was discovered.

"Halt! what's that?" said a rough voice, "here's the place, after all—I've kitched the bird now!" and he raised the door, and looked into the darkness below. "Jest pass a light, an' we'll dig her out 'fore she knows it!"

A wild shouting, the baying of a dog mingled with those terrible words, the dog through which that horrid face peered seemed going round and round, and Dilly knew no more.

When she recovered, she was on her couch again, while Bruno sat licking her hand as if hung listlessly over the bedside, and old Job was bathing her brow with water from the spring.

"Where—where am I? What's happened?" said she, coming to consciousness.

"Bress de Fader! you're here, and you're safe from de kidnappers, an' Bruno's here, an' Henna'll be back right smart quick. Don't be fazed, honey, old Job'll take care on yo'll Henna gets hum!"

Dilly's rescue was due equally to the old black, and to the sagacious creature that now looked up in her face so affectionately.

Her superstitious were for once of service, though the result tended rather to confirm him in them. What Dilly dropped about Bruno's howling had weighed heavy on his mind, and increased his sympathies for her in her loneliness, so that he could not sleep.

"What's the matter, Job?" his wife would say, as often as he turned restlessly in bed.

"Somethin' 'gwine to happen," said Dilly, "an' I'm afeared, 't will be a bad one."

"Henna'll be here," said Dilly, "an' at daybreak the old man, unable longer to keep away, went over the river to see if all was right with Dilly."

Meanwhile, Bruno accompanying Henna on her return, scouring the country in advance, had struck on a suspicious trail, and following it with nose to the ground and tail erect, was dashing towards the cottage as Job landed. The old negro had a horror of hobgoblins, but was brave in the encounter with mortal foes; and catching sight of the dog, knowing something was to pay, charged after with yells that would have done honor to a tribe of Seminoles, striking panic to the enemy, who, flying to their boat which on their last attack they had drawn nearer the house, made good their escape.

## THE STATUE OF FREEDOM.

## THE STATUE OF FREEDOM.

(Correspondence of the New York Tribune.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2, 1863.

The colossal statue of "Freedom," in bronze, by Clark Mills, modelled by Crawford, is to-day set up on the great tholos surmounting the dome of the Capitol.

During more than two years of our struggle, while the national cause seemed weak, she has patiently waited and watched below; now that victory crowns our advances, and the conspirators are being bedged in, and vanquished everywhere, and the bond are being freed, she comes forward the cynosure of thousands of eyes, her face turned resolutely toward Virginia, and the hand outstretched as if in guaranty of national unity and personal freedom.

Perhaps the whole story of that admirable work of art is not generally known. As I see, from my window, the crowd gathered at the Capitol, and as the grand statue in chorus from all the forts around the city reaches my ear, it occurs to me to repeat a couple of incidents from the Tribune.

When the bronze castings were being completed, at the foundry of Mr. Mills, near Bladensburg, his foreman who had superintended the work from the beginning, and who was receiving eight dollars per day, struck and demanded ten dollars, assuring Mr. Mills that the advance must be granted to him, as nobody in America except himself could complete the work.

Mr. Mills felt that the demand was exorbitant, and appealed in his dilemma to the slaves who were assisting in the moulding. "I can do that well," said one of them, an intelligent and ingenious servant, who had been intimately engaged in the various processes. The striker was dismissed, and the negro, assisted occasionally by the finer skill of his master, took the striker's place as superintendent, and the work went on.

Another fact. The original model of Crawford was crowned with the old "liberty cap"—loved by our grandfathers for its significance, but fallen into disrepute and disuse under the pro-slavery debauchery of the last twenty years. When Mr. Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War under Pierce, saw the model, he said at once, "This will not do. We Americans have patronized this absurd 'liberty cap' too long already. It was the detestable head-dress adopted by the freed slaves of Rome. Let us put it out of our sight!" And with characteristic bad taste, and a fondness for American institutions, for which he has not recently been conspicuous, he ordered that the classic helmet be discarded, and that the goddess be crowned, after the manner of our North American Indians, with a fantastic head-dress of feathers! So the Liberty Cap of Crawford was knocked off, and the barbarous device of Jeff. Davis mounted in its place, consisting of a lumpy eagle skin, with a row of stiff quills, rampant, running down the back of the head, and over the crown, when the amended head was finished, and on exhibition in the rotunda, an Irishman, inspecting it, said to his comrade, "Murder, Mike, what quare bird is this, wid his tail on the top of his head?" As it stands to-day, though Mr. Mills gave all his talent for its construction, and interpreted the carefully considered and interpreted order of the President, it is an utter nondescript; and our Capital is to wear a sign of barbarism for its very crown, because Jeff. Davis, worshipping slavery, despised the significant and grand old "Cap of Liberty."

A spirited debate has been carried on in the papers with reference to the pedestal which shall crown the Goddess leaning on a half border, with which the artists have taken the liberty to encompass it, giving it somewhat the appearance of bearing fifteen stripes, instead of the old thirteen. The critics charge that this was deliberately designed to represent the fifteen slave States, instead of the thirteen original members of the Union.

This is too bold an outrage for probability; besides, the slight alteration of the shield does not justify the criticism. All frivolous changes in heraldry, and all fanciful ornamentation, are obnoxious to every artistic mind, not less on the ground of ambiguity than of irregularity. I do not see that this is open to any other objection.

There are really but thirteen separate stripes. Besides, all will believe that Crawford, though a Virginian, had too much patriotism to conceive, and Mills, though educated in South Carolina, too much honor to execute such a wanton and wicked mutilation of our national shield.

[Special Correspondence of the Missouri Democrat.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2.

This is the quadrennial anniversary of the death of Old John Brown. It was in the shivering first caused by Old John's raid that the subscriber first saw Virginia and the Capital. What a change since then! Northern men hardly dared to walk from ten thousand voices, and the cannon pealed forth their glad welcome to the Goddess of Liberty installed in her future home. It was a sublime moment, the statue is a most beautiful one, the expression of the features being grand beyond description. The bronze is, I understand, oxydized, so that it will never change color, but become only brighter as the atmosphere acts upon it. It is nineteen feet high, and stands upon a white marble pedestal, upon which the words "E PLURIBUS UNUM" are plainly legible. The top of the statue is three hundred feet from the base of the Capitol building, which elevation gives it the appearance of the ordinary size of the human figure.

The Capitol now lacks but little of completion. The front of the north wing is finished all the way to the upper flight of steps. The colonnade, consisting of fluted pillars, with exquisitely tasteful capitals, and an entablature that is a marvel of artistic beauty, sets off most admirably the architecture of the Capitol, which is liable to the charge of being too heavy in its general features. The group of statues which have been for the past three or four years in the old hall of the House of Representatives, representing "The Progress of Civilization," now adorn the pediment of the completed north wing, and nothing could be more appropriate and beautiful. The group of statues will also adorn the pediment of the south wing when completed. On the whole, our nation's Capital is not going to have as many defects as people imagined, and when finally completed, it will be within the ensuing year, will be an edifice on which Americans can look with just pride.

As we keep the petitions from each State distinct, there is a chance to prove "State rights" in this race for freedom! At the last counting, New York was ahead! We who have watched this work in its beginnings, through months of struggle, doubt and discouragement, are now cheered and surprised with the genuine enthusiasm of the people everywhere. What we want is the united expression of the friends of freedom against slavery from Maine to Louisiana. Inasmuch as the petition demanding universal emancipation covers the whole ground, and is already in circulation North and South, do not let us distrust the public, or weaken our action, by changing the form of our petition.

Yours, truly,

E. CADY STANTON.

W. L. GARRISON.

LETTER FROM MRS. E. C. STANTON.

WOMEN'S NATIONAL LEAGUE, Room 20 Cooper Institute, New York, Dec. 18, 1863.

DEAR GARRISON,—I was sorry to hear that, at the Decade meeting in Philadelphia, you passed a resolution to petition Congress to amend the Constitution. I hope, on consideration, you will see the bad policy of all specific petitioning,—either to amend the Constitution, impeach the Judges of the Supreme Court, or to place black and white soldiers on equal ground. The petition for universal emancipation covers all these specific shams. Slavery abolished, no one will pass behind the fair face of the Constitution for a heart of blackness and villainy.

When not a slave breathes in this republic, we care not for the decisions of Judge Taney or Grier; and when black men have a chance to show themselves the heroes they are, they will soon settle the question of equality. Our work is to secure to them freedom at the earliest possible day. We propose to send in the first instalment of our petition on the 14th day of January, and shall continue to roll up the petitions throughout the entire Union, and so long as slavery exists, and there is one man or woman to protest against that execrable crime. The enthusiasm that is steadily growing out of this movement is indeed promising. The petitions are coming in daily by hundreds and thousands. Yesterday, one came in from Wisconsin with the signatures of 900 men and 500 women, all collected by one poor, infirm widow who has lost her husband and two sons in the war. In her letter she says, "I have registered the names, too, of every man and woman that will sign the petition, that they may be handed over to the future scorn they so well deserve."

In many of the petitions for women, the place assigned to the residence is filled with facts of husband, brother, and sons, who have died in the struggle for freedom. Such is the feeling among the mothers, wives, and daughters of the West. Where they dwell is to them of little consequence, while they live in the memory of those brave men who have been true to their country. One mail brought petitions from Maine, Delaware, Kansas, and New Orleans, with hundreds of names.

As we keep the petitions from each State distinct, there is a chance to prove "State rights" in this race for freedom! At the last counting, New York was ahead! We who have watched this work in its beginnings, through months of struggle, doubt and discouragement, are now cheered and surprised with the genuine enthusiasm of the people everywhere. What we want is the united expression of the friends of freedom against slavery from Maine to Louisiana. Inasmuch as the petition demanding universal emancipation covers the whole ground, and is already in circulation North and South, do not let us distrust the public, or weaken our action, by changing the form of our petition.

Yours, truly,

E. CADY STANTON.

W. L. GARRISON.

## THE STATUE OF FREEDOM.

(Correspondence of the New York Tribune.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2, 1863.

The colossal statue of "Freedom," in bronze, by Clark Mills, modelled by Crawford, is to-day set up on the great tholos surmounting the dome of the Capitol.

During more than two years of our struggle, while the national cause seemed weak, she has patiently waited and watched below; now that victory crowns our advances, and the conspirators are being bedged in, and vanquished everywhere, and the bond are being freed, she comes forward the cynosure of thousands of eyes, her face turned resolutely toward Virginia, and the hand outstretched as if in guaranty of national unity and personal freedom.

Perhaps the whole story of that admirable work of art is not generally known. As I see, from my window, the crowd gathered at the Capitol, and as the grand statue in chorus from all the forts around the city reaches my ear, it occurs to me to repeat a couple of incidents from the Tribune.

When the bronze castings were being completed, at the foundry of Mr. Mills, near Bladensburg, his foreman who had superintended the work from the beginning, and who was receiving eight dollars per day, struck and demanded ten dollars, assuring Mr. Mills that the advance must be granted to him, as nobody in America except himself could complete the work.

Mr. Mills felt that the demand was exorbitant, and appealed in his dilemma to the slaves who were assisting in the moulding. "I can do that well," said one of them, an intelligent and ingenious servant, who had been intimately engaged in the various processes. The striker was dismissed, and the negro, assisted occasionally by the finer skill of his master, took the striker's place as superintendent, and the work went on.

Another fact. The original model of Crawford was crowned with the old "liberty cap"—loved by our grandfathers for its significance, but fallen into disrepute and disuse under the pro-slavery debauchery of the last twenty years. When Mr. Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War under Pierce, saw the model, he said at once, "This will not do. We Americans have patronized this absurd 'liberty cap' too long already. It was the detestable head-dress adopted by the freed slaves of Rome. Let us put it out of our sight!" And with characteristic bad taste, and a fondness for American institutions, for which he has not recently been conspicuous, he ordered that the classic helmet be discarded, and that the goddess be crowned, after the manner of our North American Indians, with a fantastic head-dress of feathers! So the Liberty Cap of Crawford was knocked off, and the barbarous device of Jeff. Davis mounted in its place, consisting of a lumpy eagle skin, with a row of stiff quills, rampant, running down the back of the head, and over the crown, when the amended head was finished, and on exhibition in the rotunda, an Irishman, inspecting it, said to his comrade, "Murder, Mike, what quare bird is this, wid his tail on the top of his head?" As it stands to-day, though Mr. Mills gave all his talent for its construction, and interpreted the carefully considered and interpreted order of the President, it is an utter nondescript; and our Capital is to wear a sign of barbarism for its very crown, because Jeff. Davis, worshipping slavery, despised the significant and grand old "Cap of Liberty."

A spirited debate has been carried on in the papers with reference to the pedestal which shall crown the Goddess leaning on a half border, with which the artists have taken the liberty to encompass it, giving it somewhat the appearance of bearing fifteen stripes, instead of the old thirteen. The critics charge that this was deliberately designed to represent the fifteen slave States, instead of the thirteen original members of the Union.

This is too bold an outrage for probability; besides, the slight alteration of the shield does not justify the criticism. All frivolous changes in heraldry, and all fanciful ornamentation, are obnoxious to every artistic mind, not less on the ground of ambiguity than of irregularity. I do not see that this is open to any other objection.

There are really but thirteen separate stripes. Besides, all will believe that Crawford, though a Virginian, had too much patriotism to conceive, and Mills, though educated in South Carolina, too much honor to execute such a wanton and wicked mutilation of our national shield.

[Special Correspondence of the Missouri Democrat.]

WASHINGTON, Dec. 2.

This is the quadrennial anniversary of the death of Old John Brown. It was in the shivering first caused by Old John's raid that the subscriber first saw Virginia and the Capital. What a change since then! Northern men hardly dared to walk from ten thousand voices, and the cannon pealed forth their glad welcome to the Goddess of Liberty installed in her future home. It was a sublime moment, the statue is a most beautiful one, the expression of the features being grand beyond description. The bronze is, I understand, oxydized, so that it will never change color, but become only brighter as the atmosphere acts upon it. It is nineteen feet high, and stands upon a white marble pedestal, upon which the words "E PLURIBUS UNUM" are plainly legible. The top of the statue is three hundred feet from the base of the Capitol building, which elevation gives it the appearance of the ordinary size of the human figure.

The Capitol now lacks but little of completion. The front of the north wing is finished all the way to the upper flight of steps. The colonnade, consisting of fluted pillars, with exquisitely tasteful capitals, and an entablature that is a marvel of artistic beauty, sets off most admirably the architecture of the Capitol, which is liable to the charge of being too heavy in its general features. The group of statues which have been for the past three or four years in the old hall of the House of Representatives, representing "The Progress of Civilization," now adorn the pediment of the completed north wing, and nothing could be more appropriate and beautiful. The group of statues will also adorn the pediment of the south wing when completed. On the whole, our nation's Capital is not going to have as many defects as people imagined, and when finally completed, it will be within the ensuing year, will be an edifice on which Americans can look with just pride.

As we keep the petitions from each State